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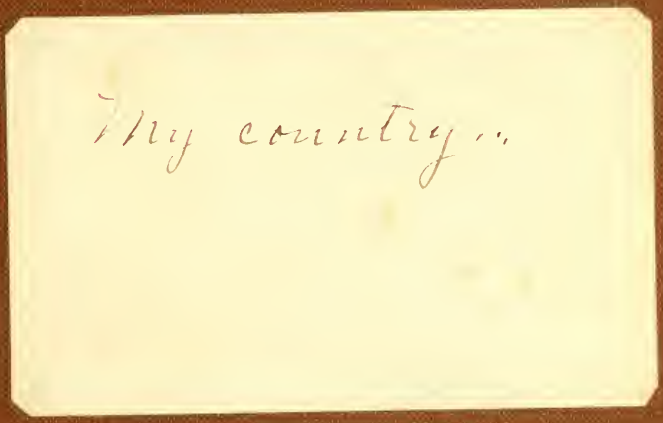

Class

Book

MY COUNTRY;

AS SHE WAS IN 1776:

AS SHE IS IN 1846.

AN ADDRESS

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ADDRESS.

THOUGH, correctly understood, "the day of one's death is better than the day of one's birth," the world would fain think otherwise. Men spend the anniversary of the day that gave them birth, in making merry over the good things allotted them in this brief existance, and Carlyle's "Hero Worship," is so prevalent, that the idolators especially remember the *birth days* of their demigods.

This is the anniversary of a day in this world's existence, when another was added to the great family of nations, and the day itself is of some consequence in the records of the great events of the past.

Whether the Minerva like birth of this giant Nation will prove for better or for worse, it certainly *has* and will continue *to* exercise a mighty influence over the affairs of earth.

Then this day is of some importance and is every way calculated to give birth in turn to thoughts, in the mightiest minds, in all respects worthy of them.

Permitted to enjoy the bounties of Heaven in profusion, while millions are deprived to day even of this invigorating, life-giving air; 'tis meet that we spend a portion of the hours in solemn reflection.

I would to GOD that you could listen to one better qualified to inspire the thoughts that ought to sway this congregaton to and fro like a rushing wind, at this hour, and especially have I feared the want of effect from my feeble words, while listening to my talented friends who have preceded me.

But from that day in which I read the first page of her deeply interesting history, I have loved my country.

This perhaps may somewhat amend for the want of power to do justice on this occasion, and at last will cause me to speak my thoughts.

Seventy years ago to day, our fathers formally severed the chain, that bound them to the throne of Britain, and for themselves and their posterity, cast off all allegiance to her sceptre.

They fought, and bled, and died, to establish a Government that would protect you and I in the enjoyment of life and liberty, and in the pursuit of happiness.

The privilege to stand under this, our fig tree, to day, is certainly one of the fruits of their labors, and suffering, and toils.

To lay the foundation of a just Government, was the Polar

Star that directed them; the great object on which their heroic efforts were concentrated; and the protection to humanity of which I have spoken, is the ultimate object of all governments, founded by a people thirsting for freedom.

Voluntary compacts entered into, for mutual protection from the evil doer, and mutual assistance in the day of affliction, are institutions that God will recognise as just, while a human being will wrong his fellow; and the government that is not such a compact, the result of such an agreement on the part of the governed, is not founded in justice. Yet, strange as it may seem, there may be some here who deny the utility and affect to discard the protection of such an institution! — With them I have no argument. I commend to them the comparison of Burke, to illustrate the position of England, in her infantracidal contest with these colonies.

When told in the debates in Parliament, that the effort to conquer the rebellious colonies would prove in vain, the champions of George the III. and his tyranical ministry, replied, "we have the right to conquer, and we will conquer America!" An insane man, said Burke, resolved to shear a wolf regardless of his own safety; his friends asked him if he had considered the danger of the foolish attempt; the exposure of his life to the savage animal? No, said the mad man. Man has the right of dominion over the beasts, and I will shear the wolf!"

Gentlemen, you who ask no protection of human government, go at the wolf, *sheep-shears* and *all*, but while men are wicked enough to sell liquid poison, or enslave the bodies and souls of their fellow men, as weak in body as I am, I shall claim protection of the government of my native land.

But what is stranger still, these men who preach such sentiments express the utmost fear of their fellows! They call the churches, even a brotherhood of thieves, robbers, and murderers!

I do not deny the truth of the charge. But then, gently as a sucking dove, they ask us to give such wicked churches full liberty and licence without law. Such sentiments have been quite rife in New England, but they have recently become so obsolete that even the Antislavery convention in May last, in Boston, unanimously pledged itself in favor of a human government founded in justice and equality.

However, for want of foresight the effort may have failed; no one present dare deny that to establish such a government, was the fond object of our fathers from the day that Warren fell on Bunker's Hill, to the day that the last of the red coats was driven from our shores.

If ever on earth men were actuated by the love of country and of liberty, the patriots of the revolution were the men!

And their blood was not shed in vain. No! I call these happy children, to witness, that our fathers did not bare their bosoms to the iron storm without effect!

And yet because the wrongs of some in our midst, go unredressed, while we enjoy a measure of freedom, the precious *boon* purchased by their sufferings, many of us seem never to appreciate their efforts for us, their ungrateful children. If ever ingratitude, that basest of the baser feelings, had a resting place, it is in the heart of that man, who, though he knows that the summers of that seven years war, were spent in bloody contests with the tyrant's minions, and the winters in privation and sickness, and wretchedness, by those lion hearted men, that he might be free, yet because all the blessings they anticipated have not been dispensed as they designed, dares to curse his country and spurn the protection she does afford him! Such men have forgotten "the rock from which they were hewn," "the pit from which they were dug," and are unworthy to enjoy the freedom bequeathed them, by their sires.

The very fact that they can freely utter sentiments, which they would not dare to breathe in any other land, ought to close their mouths, for though the worst form of human bondage has an existence on these shores, this fact is a perfect demonstration that these men at least, enjoy a measure of that blessing for which our sires poured forth their blood and treasure, free as air.

Americans! Whatever you may think of the present unhappy situation of our beloved land, however you lament the departure of her ancient freedom from the places hallowed by its venerable shrines, though you mourn over the cruel wrongs perpetuated by her now,and weep to see her children oppressed and enslaved, never forget that memorable struggle for the rights of man, in which our fathers were engaged! Always remember the men who suffered all the imagination can conceive, that you and I might live happy in the enjoyment of liberty!

The times that tried mens soul's are worthy of remembrance forever, and the noble spirits engaged in those stiring scenes, were *worthy* of the times! Yes! the descendants of the Hampdens and Sidneys, the children of those stern and upright men, who first for the sake of freedom, landed in this unknown wilderness, were worthy to battle for human liberty. The man, who because those true men in the light they possessed, did not come up to his present standard of right, can so far forget what they suffered for oppressed humanity, as to defame and blacken their characters and well earned fame, to impute to them the worst of motives, had ought himself to be enslaved!

Wilberforce and Clarkson have won immortal fame by their stedfast integrity to the eternal principles of justice; but Henry,

Warren, Otis, John Adams, Hancock, Sherman, Franklin, Morris, Jefferson, the great Washington, and that noblest Roman of them all, Samuel Adams, declared their adherence, and manifested their true fidelity to the same great principles, ere Wilberforce and Clarkson ever lisped of freedom!

Render to them then, the tribute of gratitude and admiration, *due* from such as enjoy, at least a portion of the matchless blessings secured by their pure and unwavering attachment to the rights of man. Many times at different periods of this world's wonderful history, the bone and sinew of many a nation,has been exerted to sunder the haughty oppressors chains, liberate the captives, and establish a free government for the protection of the common weal; but millions have poured out their heart's hot blood on the sanguinary battle field, and rushed into eternity fondly dreaming they were martyrs in the cause of human liberty, while in utter ignorance of what was truly freedom. It was reserved for the energetic, strong minded, indomitable iron willed Anglo Saxon, to promulgate in the new world, the true principles of liberty founded in justice and equality, and to do and die for oppressed humanity! Nobly in that bloody struggle did they sacrifice their lives for Independence; and I would to God our Government had been established and administerd to this day, on the great principles for which they contended.

Many patriots withstood the tyrant's rod, and shouted "*freedom*," til the cry reverberated from glen to glen, from one end to the other of the British Isles ere our fathers landed on these shores,but from the lofty minded John Hampden,to the humblest of the lovers of his country's liberty, almost all were crushed beneath the iron heel of the proud oppressor! The cry of the freeman was hushed, but not forever. Seeking civil and religious freedom, many of them fled on the wings of the wind across the stormy ocean, found a dreary shelter in this then dreary wilderness, 'mid the howlings of wild beasts, and the yells of the savages, and swearing renewed allegiance to freedom, erected their family altars again. They had their faults. Some of their acts were unworthy of the stern Puritans. But remember, ere you condemn them, the light of the seventeenth century, was not the light of the nineteenth. Let us forget their faults, and cherish the remembrance of their virtues!—Let them rest in peace!

Inured to toil and suffering, and danger, compelled to rely on their own resources for protection, the descendants of the settlers of these shores,grew and waxed strong,until at the breaking out of the Revolution, they possessed not only the unconquered spirit of their ste[illegible]ld fathers, but had a far better understanding of the rights of man, and more justly appreciated

the great principles for which they contended. For want of knowledge, they *too* committed errors; they were not perfect: but the glorious sentiments written on the standard elevated by them, and around which they rallied through a seven years war, however they afterwards departed from them. have always been recognized by the world, as the sacred principles of liberty!

For years previous to the breaking out of the revolution, the home government continued to oppress these colonies, until in 1775, it became so palpably evident that the lordly aristocracy on the "father land," intended to coerce and wring by cruel taxation, the hard earning of the toiling laborers from them,to array themselves in splendor; the prospect of abject servitude so stared them in the face, that they were ready and ripe for rebellion.

The storm so long in gathering, the fearful warnings of whose dread approach had been heard at intervals, rumbling as the far off thunder, especially in "the Boston Massacre "and at "the burning of the Gaspee, at last broke over the oppressors heads; the smothered fires flashed into a united blaze, from one end of this Union to the other!

United heart and hand, a band of freemen, small in number, arose in their strength and threw off like the old giant of Israel, the bonds of the powerful tyrant that enchained them! I wish not to dwell on the eventful, yet bloody history of that dreadful contest.

I desire rather to speak of the *great*, because *true principles* avowed at that time, than the actions of those who proclaimed them. Suffice it to say, our fathers "knew their rights," and not only "*dared*" dut *did* maintain them!

Principles were avowed at the commencement of that mighty contest, that startled the slumbering world; The hoary monarchies across the water trembled like an aspen leaf from centre to circumference. The "war cry" of the freeman again rent the air; even the glens of Switzerland reechoed the cry as they were wont in the days of Tell! The trembling knees of kings and emperors smote together like Bellshazzers, long after the battle here was ended; for the curtain did not shut from view the last great act of the drama then begun, until the "*sun* of *Napoleon*" went down like a meteor on the field of *Waterloo*, more than forty years after!

The convulsive throes of all Europe, for thirty years, were but the workings of the same great principles, the leaven infused by that seven years war for freedom! Tis true, despots contended with each other, for each other's thrones; but the ball that rolled over the blood stained continent,was first set in motion in France, by the masses who caught the infection from those who fought at Bunker Hill and Saratoga and Yorktown. The mighty

minds who in "76," rode the whirlwind and directed the storm," published to the world a "*Declaration*" of the principles for which they contended, and pledged to its support their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. Though the tempest has often howled around that "*Instrument*," not a word is yet obliterated—and though men have since by thousands, perhaps justly, condemned the Constitution under which the States afterwards united, and the hypocritical administration of the government under its provisions, yet even he who is so bold now as to raise the cry of "*disunion*," never utters a word against the "Declaration of Independence." No! In conjuction with "the *Word* of *God*," 'tis the text book of the freeman throughout the world: the best exposition of "*the Inalienable Rights of man*," that a nation ever united in defending. The most radical lover of freedom always appeals to it for principles. * * * * * * * * * * * *

But alas! I have already shown you the *bright* side of the picture! Shall we gaze upon the other? The dazzling splendor of the part on which we have already looked, has often so blinded the eyes of the beholders, that they have failed to see the glaring imperfections of the *part* shaded in darkness!

Americans! let it be not so with you! I would to God, that the principles contended for in the Revolution had been defended and finally established, after the old Lion of England had ceased to roar. But too fondly trusting in the efficacy of the divine truth they advocated, and the faithfulness of their descendants for the removal of evils they acknowledged to be incompatible with liberty, our honored fathers fell short of the great work they ought to have accomplished.

Had they been as faithful in rebuking their friends, as they were in fighting their enemies, or had their degenerate descendants fulfilled the high expectations of their fathers, the great *truth* then promulgated by them, "that all men are born, and of right ought to be free and equal," would this day be exemplified in the condition of all classes in this republic. But I will not condemn them. No! Perhaps they performed the part designed for them! And while I am satisfied their hearts were right, though they may have erred in judgement, if I forget what they did accomplish for humanity, "may my right hand forget her cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth"!

After the peace of 1783, six years passed away, and in the "Bonds of the Old Confederation" imperfect as they were, the union seemed to prosper. But the day came for the master minds of the revolution to cement a stronger union between the states, and sad to tell, to the council hall came several of the ancient brotherhood who had not carried into practice the

principles of that Declaration, to the support of which they pledged their all! and strange to say, the freedom of *white men* was that alone for which they contended.

From the plains of the "sunny South," drenched in the war of liberty with the best blood of northern freemen, as they were led on by the strong armed "blacksmith" who used to make the anvil ring just east of where we are to day, came men to ask protection, not as they did of "Nat. Green" and his gallant army in 1780, for liberty, but for Slavery! That was a fearful hour! Not only the future destiny of this republic, but the dispensation of the blessings of freedom throughout the world, in some measure, hung upon the decision. It was a solemn time for our patriotic fathers. They hesitated. If such a proposal had been made by any other class of men, they would have *spurned* it from them in indignant *scorn!*

But the proposition came from those who stood by them on the floor of Congress through the storm of the revolution; from those who braved with them shoulder to shoulder, the bullets and bayonets of British hirelings at "Saratoga," at "Eutaw Springs," at "Yorktown"! The sages and statesmen of the South, assured them, that they only wished a recognition of *slavery* for a few short years, saying and no doubt believing, that the *curse* would be rooted out by the growth of freedom very soon. The men who disdained to wear the yoke of Britian faltered, and gave consent! The die was cast!

Had the noble "*Sherman*," the great "*Franklin*," and many others in that *convention*, been as decided against oppression as they were in the Congress of seventy-six; had the brave "Hamilton" been actuated by the manly spirit that urged him against the oppressor on the battle field as *aid* to "Washington," the rights of a single man would never have been compromised!

The constitution was adopted, and an institution recognized directly at variance with its plainest truths!

That was a sad day's work for freedom! When *Eve* tasted the forbidden fruit, "Earth felt the wound and nature sighing through all her works, gave signs of wo, that all was lost!"

Methinks after so many years of blood and toil and suffering in defence of the rights of man, when our New England fathers compromised the dear bought privileges, with slavery, which they had never surrendered at the cannon's mouth, the "*Genius* of *Liberty*" uttering a piercing shriek, plumed her wings, and directed her flight away to some far off mountain top, to mourn o'er disappointed love, and blasted hopes!" It is always dangerous to compromise in the least degrees, right with wrong. Surrender a single inch, and the ell is next

demanded. A good cause based on Holy principles must stand alone, or not stand at all! "Man must either serve God or mammon." There is no neutral ground to anchor on. If the cause of Temperance cannot prosper, without yielding to the rumseller his feigned rights, it cannot prosper at all! If a foundation cannot be laid broad enough for the "*Temple* of *Liberty*," unless *slavery* is the chief corner stone, the glorious structure will never be erected! I will not condemn the "Constitution of my native land;" No! I yield to no man in attachment to, and reverence for its great principles, its leading features. Though there are undoubtedly many imperfections in that instrument, yet with this single exception, I believe it to be the noblest form of Government ever instituted among men. And that very exception would have proved *null* and *void* had its other noble provisions been truly administered from that day to this. Had this been the case, justice would have been dispensed to all ere this hour; "every yoke would have been broken and the oppressed gone free." The "father of his country," died fondly anticipating that the day was hastening on, when in all the land for whose liberty he sacrificed so much not a bondman could be found. He placed too much confidence in the children of those men whom he had so oft led on to victory! They have proved recreant to the work entrusted to their charge. Instead of relieving the bondmen, they have stayed up the oppressors hands! The *plainest clauses* of that *constitution*, have been perverted and set aside for many years, until in some portions of this land, Liberty is but a name! And in my opinion, the first fatal error, though in appearance exceeding small, was committed when at the adoption of the constitution, our fathers silently acquiessed in the continuance of a wrong in utter contradiction of every principle before avowed.

O! it would have been a noble climax to the great drama of the revolution, worthy to succeed the immortal "Declaration of Independance," had they bearded the Lion in his den, and proclaimed liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants hereof!"

The framers of the constitution have performed their parts and left the stage, after organizing the government, and for a time administering the laws. Almost, if not *every thing* that emanates from the hand of man, like man himself, contains within itself the seeds of its own dissolution. So it is with the constitution. I would to God it were otherwise; but the signs of the times too plainly indicate that it will not long continue a bond of union between these states. The restrictions cast off by some, will soon cease to be regarded by all. Ye cannot worship God and Mammon. *Light* and *Darkness*,

Slavery and *Liberty* cannot exist together. I know a thousand theories and facts are often adduced to prove the opposite: men so dread the thought of disunion, and the prosperity of the country for sixty years is pointed at in contradiction.—I acknowledge her wondrous growth in strength, in riches, in knowledge. She has rushed on in giant strides without a parallel in the history of all the nations that have preceded her.—But has the purity, the stern integrity, the unyielding attachment to liberty, of her citizens "grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength?" I know you fain would not hear such a question. So it always has been. Athens prospered under the splendid administration of Pericles until her citizens rolled in luxury, and her government defied the power of surrounding nations. As crowds were ascending, some pleasant morning, to one of the gorgeous marble temples erected and embelished by Pericles' direction for the worship of the Gods, could I have asked one of that throng if he did not *fear* the *destruction* of "Athenian freedom," he would have spurned the thought. So it may be with you. Yet in the reign of Pericles were sown the seeds, the fruit of which so enervated the hearts and paralyzed the arms of the proud Athenians, that their boasted freedom took wings and flew away!

When Cæsar led his armies to———battle and to victory in Spain, his countrymen rejoiced and clapped their hands, never dreaming that the powerful arm then waging war against their enemies, would ever be arrayed against them! Yet the "die was cast!" Cæsar passed the *Rubicon*, and *Rome* was *free no more.*

This nation too has wonderfully prospered; arisen to a height in sixty years, which others have not been able to attain in a thousand! She may as rapidly decline! Her noon day sun may as soon set in blood! Who can read her history for a few years past, comprehend her present position, and not tremble for his country in prospect of the future?

If this union is to break into fragments, like a potter's vessel, if this giant nation is to plunge like "Phæton" into the gulf beneath; how many will arise and condemn her, because professing liberty, she has enslaved her children! On the eve of her destruction, how many will gather round her, as did the ghosts of the murdered victims, in the tent of Richard III. on the night preceding the day on which he lost his *life*, and shaking their gory locks, exclaim, "thy condemnation is just?" And who can gainsay them?

In a nation where the people pretend to govern themselves, a President has usurped power, George the third would never have dared to wield! Professing to decide who shall *rule* us

at the *ballot box*, the aspirants for office mould us as the potter does the clay, and *party* has entirely taken the place of right principles, in the decision of questions, affecting the happiness of millions of men! The time has been in the history of the world, when if a man could say, I am a "Roman citizen," the fact afforded him protection in almost any land. The time has very recently been, when if a poor sailor boy could exclaim in some far distant clime, "I am an American," it was a passport to the society and the hearts of the people. The Roman citizen was *protected* for fear of the power of Rome; the American respected because of his attachment to freedom. But we have in such a boastful manner abused the confidence reposed in us, that our President himself has recently attempted to *bully England* and *France*, and we are called bragadocios throughout the world!

Not satisfied with making beasts of ourselves, we have induced the poor "*red men*" to *drink* the *fire-water*; *robbed* them of their hunting grounds, and *driven* them at the *point* of the *bayonet* far away from their homes. Bloodhounds have been trained to hunt them down like wild beasts, and as a fit climax to a series of exterminating wars waged against them, "*Oseola*," the noblest chieftain that has appeared since the days of "*Tecumseh*," was treacherously taken with a "*flag* of *Truce*," imprisoned, and basely murdered in truckling cowardice. Oppressed as they are, defrauded as they have been, if another *King Philip* should arise among them, how the terrible *war whoop* would ring again, along our western boarders!

Professing the most rigid simplicity as republicans, condemning all distinctions in society except such as are founded in merit, a purse proud aristocracy walk the streets of our cities, second only in self importance to the lords they imitate on the other side of the Atlantic! Professing to guarantee liberty of speech and of the press to all our citizens, the "*editor* of a *public paper*" in the *old Bay State* has been dragged through the streets by a halter; *another* in Kentucky has been robbed of his property and threatened with cowardly murder; and another in Illinois, basely *killed* in defence of rights guaranteed to him by the constitution of his country!

Professing to *shield* the freeman of *all* nations under the folds of our broad banner, as we have the brave *Pole* and the noble *Greek*, the same *stripes* and *stars* have been *floating* at the mizen peak of vessels lying off the coast of *Africa*, like hungry tigers thirsting for blood, and the government has *connived* at the accursed traffic, and suffered the flag of this republic to be *disgraced* with impunity! The *venerable agents* of Massachusetts, have been unceremoniously *thrust* from the soil of her sister states, the kind hearted "*Torry*" has been mur-

dered in the damp prison house, in open violation of a constitution, one of whose provisions guarantees, that the right of the citizens of one state, shall be respected in each of the others, and the very spirit of which invokes all living under it to "break every yoke and let the oppressed go free!"

Professing as a people great reverence for "*law* and *order*," in many of the states Judge Lynch is the stern tribunal from which their can be no appeal; and in some of the very *smallest* states if men could have their will, *mob law* would be *triumphant* and the "goddess of Reason" would be drawn through our streets by the *pure democracy* as she was through Paris in the bloody days of the *French Revolution*.

And as though our *money saving nation* feared that all these bloody pages in her history would not afford sufficient contradiction to her loud mouthed professions, in this the boasted "home of the oppressed and the land of the free," from July 4th, 1776, to this day, in bold blasphemous *violation* of the great principles then set forth, every *sixth man* and *woman* and *child* has been *enslaved*!

Well might *Jefferson* exclaim, "when I think that God is just, I tremble for my country!"

And these poor bondmen, on *authority* of the same "great man," during all these long years of servitude, have endured suffering and cruel wrong, "one hour of which is worse than ages like that against which our fathers rose to arms." "So odious is this horrid system that the *author* of the *Declaration* of *Independence* farther says, in his "Notes on Virginia," "the commerce between master and slave, is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions, the most unremitting disposition on the one part, and degrading submission on the other!"—And yet this deadly *institution* has been suffered to entwine itself in hideous folds around the *body politic*, like the "*serpent* in the *Laocoon Group*" until extrication seems almost impossible. For at this day, this nation of boasting freemen, instead of simply *extenuating* and *palliating* this *bane* of *liberty*, as in 1789, has become its great *defender*, and thrown down the gauntlet as its *voluntary champion*! The policy best calculated to foster and protect it, has been continued, regardless of the consequences to all the states in which it has not been recognized by laws. The *north* has been as subservient to the slave holding oligarchy of the south, as the veriest slave beyond Mason and Dixon's line, and measures calculated to invigorate the *free* laborer with a recompense worthy of his toil, have been gagged and ousted by the *representatives* of *slavery itself*, "Tariff" and "all!" The "Palmetto State" alone, nullified the laws and defied the power of the Union until the North again compromised her rights, for a mess of

pottage in return. The whole power and patronage of the government, has been used to prop up and support the "*peculiar institution*" of a portion of the states, at the expose of the other portion. In furtherance of their policy, rebellion has been instigated in a province of a weak sister republic, and after years spent in the most treacherous, consummate, double-dealing, that Province has been torn away by wicked hands, and a wholesale robbery perpetrated, in broad day, as cowardly and reckless as the world ever saw! Yes! "*Texas*" has been wrenched from distracted "*Mexico*" in utter violation of every principle of justice, "human" and "divine," by a series of measures calculated in the language of John P. Hale, "to excite the scorn of man and the indignation of Heaven!" The old British Lion growled, and our boasted rights to Oregon were compromised, but *poor, blood-ridden, down-trodden Mexico*, is unable to cope with us in arms, and not satisfied with robbery, our government must add murder to the former crime; sunder and dismember her *empire*, by famine and pestilence, fire and sword!

Americans! Tell not again in the ears of your children the tale of the cruel dismemberment and division of brave Poland, by the cowardly tyrants around her; weep not again o'er the destruction of Grecian liberty; breathe not your fiery anathemas against the accursed oppression of England; on your own proud escutcheon rests a stain, a base stigma, black and bloody as the gates of hell!! The Aegis of your laws is thrown over the oppressor, and the true freeman, left without protection! Disguise it as you may, deny it as you will, this giant nation is prosecuting a War for conquest and for power, and as at that time when the humble "Nazarine" was arrayed in Pilate's judgment hall, the hypocritical, self righteous Pharisees, raised the damning cry, "crucify him, crucify him," so now, those loudest in their professions of attachment to liberty, are raising the murderous cry, "crush Mexico at a single blow!"

Let red handed *conflagration* apply the burning *torch* to her most thriving *towns*! Let the *sword pierce* the *hearts* of all who dare defend her expiring freedom! *Ravish* the *wives* of the citizens, and make *orphans* of their *children*; and let *pestilence* and *famine* follow in the train, and the *besom* of *destruction* sweep over that devoted land! And for what purpose?—To what end? That *slavery* may be *perpetuated* and the *free laborers* of the North also enchained! Ah! There is a God in Heaven! Justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne, and his *vengeance* shall not sleep forever. In this hated war for conquest, and lust for power, thousands in madness, have avowed that same Heaven daring, God defying *principle* that has so often been used by wicked *rulers*, to plunge nations into ruthless *war*, and deluge the world in blood.

"My country right or wrong! The laws of my country (be they ever so *corrupt*) *first*, and the *laws* of *Heaven afterwards*! No! 'Tis nothing less than the same principles repudiated and resisted unto death by our fathers in seventy-six.—"Kings can do no wrong." Not literally, but *meaning*, that, though wrong, the citizens must *obey* the King without a murmur.

I know the cry of traitor is raised now as it was when Patrick Henry refused to obey in seventy-five. Be it so! I have counted the cost! I repudiate, I detest the principle, and live or die, "so *help* me Heaven," I *never will obey* the *law* in which it is embodied! If this is treason, make the most of it.

O' if *Sam Adams* could stand on this platform to day, how his great heart would burn within him. The *men* who with him, *played* the *drama* of the *revolution*, would never teach their children to stay up the hands of a wicked government, "right or wrong!" And I ask, what right has he who owns allegiance to this principle to claim to be the best friend to his country? Who are your best friends as individuals? those who flatter you at your face and while you prosper, hide your faults and support you right or wrong for the spoils they obtain, or those who honestly tell you of your faults, and love your virtues not your vices? "Chatham," "Burke," the "Immortal Junius," and a host of other Englishmen refused to support the government in an unjust war with these colonies, choosing to obey God, rather than man and were they traitors to their country? Who now, in England, or America, dares to say it? No! They were the best friends of their country in that awful crisis. I love my country, but I will not condemn her in words, and support her by action if she be in the wrong.

Ah! these are trying times in the history of this union but times expected by the patriots of the revolution! The far seeing Jefferson anticipated this day. On the 222 page of the 1802 edition of his "notes on Virginia," he utters this remarkable prophecy. Will you listen to Jefferson?

"It can never be too often repeated, that the time for fixing every essential right on a legal basis is while our rulers are honest, and ourselves united. From the conclusion of this war, (the revolution) we shall be going down hill. It will not then be necessary to resort every moment to the people for support. They wil l be forgotten, and their rights be disregarded. They will forget themselves, but in the sole faculty of making money, and will never think of uniting to effect a due respect for their rights. The shackles therefore, which shall not be knocked off at the conclusion of this war, will remain on us long, will be made heavier and heavier, 'till our rights shall revive or expire in a convulsion!" Has not a

portion of this prophecy been fulfilled? Have not the freemen of the north, while making money, tamely submitted to be enslaved? and have not the shackles which were not knocked off at the close of the revolution, been made heavier and heavier till the crisis has almost arrived predicted by Jefferson when our rights will revive or expire in a convulson? you can answe! But do not despair! No! He that falters now, is unworthy the enjoyment of freedom! Fulfill your obligation to your country by doing your duty to God, unmoved by the hyena cry of those who shout "traitor" in your ears. I had rather be a Traitor to a corrupt tyranical government, than a traitor to humanity and to God!

A haughty Prelate in the reign of Henry VIII. of England, executed the orders of the King "right or wrong," and often trampled on the laws of God. At last the time came for him to die; and in the most excrutiating anguish of soul he exclaimed; "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my King, He would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies!"

Americans! let no present attachment to "Party," or to "Government," compel you to take up the lamentation of Cardinal Woolsey in a dying hour!

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